

Halo: Betrayals

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Summary: What Happens when 501 elites get banished from the covenant?

They join up with the humans of course! read and send comments

PLEASE

Halo: Betrayals

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Halo: Betrayals

by Shifty

edited by CSS

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ZuZumee, a high ranked elite in the covenant armada, walked down the hall. He was being banished from the covenant, he and his army of 500 elites were going to be given an air pack and tossed into space.

Annette, the prophet of shadow, would have just tossed them into space, if not for The Code of Honor they would have been screwed. The reason he was being banished is because he messed up on a mission bad, he had been sent to destroy the Green One with 1000 men under his control... he didn't know what was going on, 500 of his elites... his brothers... sisters... perished in front of him he stood from behind his cover in awe.

The last thing he saw before a metallic boot kicked him in the face,

were his troops running in retreat. He had woken up in a Med Bay about 10 minutes ago, and now here he was walking to his death... Wait!

He could run, gather his troops... the ship was too heavily guarded. ZuZumee entered the room and bowed before the prophet. He felt the ship lift into space as his stomach lurched at the sudden motion.

He never had liked going into space. When the time came, every elite under his command was given an air pack and shoved into a large room. The doors sealed and he closed his eyes and thought back to all the times he had laughed, and mocked the ones who where to be banished.

He never thought it would be him being banished. The first layer of the door out to space opened revealing a painting of sparkling shining dots. Who would have guessed something so pretty led to billions of covenant deaths, including his. The second pair of doors started to open, the elites scowled as they were sucked into space.

They sat there, floating in space, for a while thinking what to do. He went over his status: he had lost at least 50 elites in the suction, the covenant ship used its slip space generators and warped back to their home planet, he and his army had enough air to last a day... a day to get his life back.

He smirked, he liked a good challenge. His sensors pinged, a UNSC ship! Suddenly he had an idea. He told his army not to act hostile towards the humans, they agreed, and then commanded elites to send out distress signals as the UNSC ship cruised towards them. ZuZumee got nervous when the ship sent out hundreds of their inferior human drop ships.

They were taking them in, how strange... Once on board the ship, Marines lined the halls most carrying rocket launchers.

The marine leading them asked who the leader was. ZuZumee reluctantly stepped out of crowd of confused elites.

Three marines grabbed him, and were confused when there was no resistance. The marine officer called over five marines with rockets to watch the rest of the elites. The three marines surrounded ZuZumee in a triangle position and guided him into the next room, the main bridge of a human ship. ZuZumee switched on his translator the marines pointed their guns at his head.

ZuZumee said through a microphone "It's a translator." the marines lowered their guns.

A large figure emerged from the shadows. He felt spike of pain go through his head... the Green One the reason he was almost dead, and the reason he is still alive.

He thought about it, and it evened out in his head. He bowed and told them what happened as well purposing a deal. The elites would fight for him in exchange for the elites to stay on the ship.

The green one sat there thinking a moment before finally he agreeing. If he saw anything suspicious he'd kill us all. ZuZumee then bowed

and left the room. Twenty marines then lead the way down the hall, to a room filled with drop ships, warthogs, and other human built vehicles and machinery.

The lead marine opened the door and lead the elites into the once empty room. Even after all the elites were in, the marines did not leave. Figures. ZuZumee lied down on the floor and went to sleep.

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